

STACK  
ANNEX

5

022

732

A

0000851162

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

CARMEN NUPTIALE



*Ex Libris*

C. K. OGDEN









CARMEN NUPTIALE.

PRIVATELY PRINTED BY  
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE  
AND PARLIAMENT STREET



# CARMEN NUPTIALE.

*DEDICATED*

TO

LADY MARIAN ALFORD

AND THE

EARL AND COUNTESS BROWNLOW

BY

GERALD MASSEY.





Gentles, I do not sing to flatter you:

That needs no gilding which is Gold all through.





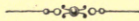
The Story of all stories, sweet and old;

Sweetest to Lovers the *last* time 'tis told.





## CARMEN NUPTIALE.



### *WEDDED LOVE.*

This little spring of life, that feeds the root  
Of England's greatness, giveth, underground,  
Bloom to the Flower, freshness to the Fruit ;  
Then wells and spreads, with golden ripples round,  
In circling glory to a sea of might,  
Embracing Home and Country of our love :  
Half-mirroring the beauty beyond sight—  
Taking some likeness of the abode above.

*THE WEDDING.*

All Women love a Wedding! old  
Or youthful; Mother, Widow, or Wife:  
It lights with precious gleam of gold  
The river of poorest life:

For one, the gold is far and dim;  
For one, a glimpse of things to be;  
But here it sparkles, at the brim  
Of full felicity!



---

And they will cluster by the way ;  
    Crowd at this Eden-gate, with eyes  
That run, and pray that this pair may  
    Keep their new Paradise.

Green is the garden, as at first ;  
    As smiling-blue the happy skies,  
Where float the bubble-worlds that burst,  
    And leave us smarting eyes.

They seem to think that these *must* clasp  
    The jewel turned to dew or mist :  
The glamour they could never grasp,  
    Tho' wedded lips have kissed ;

That this gold Apple of promise, crown'd  
With redness on the sunny side,  
Will gradually grow ripe all round ;  
That this new Lover and Bride

May reach the breathing Magic Rose  
Such cunning spirits hold in air,  
On which our fingers could not close,  
Even when we knew 'twas there !

This nest of hopes shall bring forth young  
Unto the brooding heart's low call—  
Not merely pretty birds'-eggs, strung  
To hide a naked wall !



---

Ah! many start thus, hand-in-hand—

Few only reach the blessed goal ;

But *these* shall surely see the land

Hid somewhere in the soul.

And delicate airs creep sweetly through

Old bridal-chambers dusty and dim :

Down from a far heaven warm and blue,

The mellow splendours swim.

The Woman's eyes grow loving wet ;

They dazzle with the morning ray :

The Woman's longing will beget

Her own dear wedding-day !

In his network of wrinkles, Age  
May veil their virgin beauties now ;  
Faces be furrowed—a strange page  
Of writing on the brow :

The smiling soul cannot erase  
The sad life-lines it shines above ;  
Yet, imaged in the dear old face,  
You see their own young love !

The sleeping Beauty wakes anew  
Beneath the touch of tender tears ;  
The Flower unfolds, to drink the dew,  
That seem'd dead for years.



---

All hearts are as a grove of birds  
Spring-toucht and chirruping every one ;  
And each will set the Wedding-Words  
To a music of her own.

Some withered remnant of old bliss  
Flushing on faded cheeks they bring,  
Telling of times when Love's young kiss  
Was a fire-offering ;

And spirits walk in white, as starts  
This bridal-tint that blooms anew ;  
And so, with all their Woman-hearts,  
They fling Good Luck's old shoe !

## SERENADE.



*'Awake, sweet Love, for Heaven is awake,  
And waiting to be gracious for thy sake!  
All night I saw thy fairness gleam afar  
With fresh, pure sparkle of the Morning-Star:  
Awake my Love, and let the veil be drawn  
From Beauty bathed at the springs of Dawn.*



---

*'Awake, sweet Love, for Heaven is awake,  
And waiting to be gracious for thy sake.*

*A touch upon some silver-sounding string,  
As all the harps of heaven were vibrating  
Within me, woke me, bade me rise and say  
"Awake, my Love, this is our wedding-day."*

*'Awake, sweet Love, for Heaven is awake,  
And waiting to be gracious for thy sake.*

*It is the tender time when turtle-doves  
Begin to murmur of their vernal loves:  
Spirits that all night nestled in the flowers  
Shake perfume from their wings this hour of hours.*

*'Awake, sweet Love, for Heaven is awake,  
And waiting to be gracious for thy sake.*

*To feel thee mine my faith is large enough,  
And yet the miracle needs continual proof!  
One minute satisfied, the next I pine  
For just one more assurance thou art mine.*

*'Awake, sweet Love, for Heaven is awake,  
And waiting to be gracious for thy sake.*

*Thy presence sets my cloudland round about  
Glowing as heaven were turning inside out:  
And all the mists that darkened me erewhile  
Are smitten into splendours at thy smile.*



*'Awake, sweet Love, for Heaven is awake,*

*And waiting to be gracious for thy sake.*

*Our great sunrise of life begins to glow,*

*And all the buds of love are ripe to blow ;*

*And all the Birds of Bliss are gaily singing,*

*And all the bridal-Bells of Heaven are ringing.*



*ARGUING IN A CIRCLE.*

*'When first my true Love crown'd me with her smile,  
Methought all Heaven encircled me the while!  
When first my true Love to mine arms was given,  
Methought that I encircled all of Heaven.'*



*LEAVE-TAKING.*

When the wings are feathered,  
The birds forsake their nest;  
So the Bride will leave her Home  
Leaning to her Lover's breast.  
The tear was in her eye,  
But the soul was smiling through,  
Brimful of sunshine  
As a drop of summer dew.

*AS THEY PASSED.*

Within Love's chariot, side by side,  
Sweetness and Strength did never ride  
More perfectly personified :

One of the dearest Angels out  
Of Heaven, the Bride was, beyond doubt ;  
And his a Manhood fit to be

The mortal Mansion of some deity.  
Glad were they in the happiness they gave,  
And in their own proud pleasure they were grave.



*EVOÉ.*

In the presence of Spring, *our* beautiful Spring,  
Blithe bird of the Bosom! the heart will sing.  
A Spirit of Joy in the oldest breast  
Is stirring, and making it young as the rest :  
Wakes a new life to leap in each limb,  
And laugh out of eyes that were wintry and dim ;  
So the old Wine stirs in his winter gloom,  
And wants to waken, and climb, and bloom,  
As he used to do in the world outside,  
When grapes grew big in their purple of pride.  
He would laugh in the light, he would flush in the foam ;  
In a care-drowning wave he would rosily roam ;

For his blood is so mellow, so merry, so warm,  
Into spirit of joy it would fain transform,  
And in human life keep holiday—  
Rioting ruddily, ripple and play;  
Break on the brain in a luminous spray,  
Tinting with heaven our human clay;  
In a fiery chariot mount on its way,  
With spirit-company, lordly and gay,  
And pass like a soul that is lost in day.  
So the Spirit of Joy in the oldest breast  
Is stirring, and making it young as the rest;  
Wakes a new life to leap in each limb,  
And laugh out of eyes that were wintry and dim;  
Blithe bird of the bosom! the heart will sing  
In the presence of Spring, *our* beautiful Spring.



*A FACT THAT FLOWERS DOUBLE.*

---

English John Talbot, Shakspeare's terribly brave  
Great Fighter, lay in his forgotten grave.  
It was but yesterday they found his dust,  
The sheath of that old Sword all gone to rust  
In English earth ; his burial-place recover  
In lands owned by a certain Lordly Lover.  
And, lo ! a Rose had sprung from out his tomb,  
And climbed about this Lover's life to bloom :  
A peerless flower of the old Hero's stock—  
The tenderest gush from that heroic rock.

Not oft doth Fate vouchsafe so plain a sign,  
Prefiguring the lives that are to twine.  
All greatness to this wedded life be given ;  
Its root so deep in earth, its perfect flower in heaven.



*A WAYSIDE WHISPER.*

---

*Seven years I served for you,  
To Love, our lord of life,  
Ere he made me a Master  
And I won you for my wife,—  
So faithfully, so fondly,  
Through a world of doubts and fears,  
Seven long years, Belovèd!  
Seven long years.*



*'Seven years you leaoned me,  
My leading, crowning star,  
To climb the Mount of Manhood,  
And you drew me from afar :  
You made my grey hours golden,  
You glittered through my tears,  
Seven long years, Belovèd !  
Seven long years.*

*'Sometimes you shined so near me—  
Far as we dwelt apart—  
I hardly sought you with my arms  
You were so safe at heart !  
Sometimes you dwined so distant,  
I bowed with solemn fears ;  
Seven long years, Belovèd !  
Seven long years.*



*I built my Arch of Triumph  
For you to ride through ;  
I kept my lamps all lighted  
That the warring winds out-blew :  
I worked and I waited  
And I fought down my fears,  
Seven long years, Belovèd !  
Seven long years.*

*Now the perils are all over,  
And the pains all past,  
My Fortune's wheel full-circle comes  
In your dear eyes at last !  
For such a prize the winning  
Most brief and poor appears,  
Yet, 'twas seven long years, Belovèd !  
Seven long years.'*

*THE WELCOME HOME.*

Warm is the Welcome ! 'tis our way to grasp  
The hand in love or greeting till it ache ;  
But, to a tender heart our love doth take  
The happy pair it doth so proudly clasp.

And very tender in its love To-day  
Is every heart toucht with a thought of Him,  
Low-lying in the Cypress-shadow dim,  
From which we came to waft you on your way,



---

And the still face, that looks from Ashridge towers  
With smile more regnant in its touching ruth,  
And sad hoar-frost upon the dews of youth,  
And Widow's weeds to mix with bridal-flowers.

Through Him we lost, we have more love to give.  
As some fond Mother yearningly hath breathed  
Her life out in the new life she bequeathed,  
Our dearest died that this great love might live.

These darling Violets, eloquently mute,  
Are rich in sadder bloom and sweeter breath,  
And that pathetic sanctity of death,  
Because our buried joy was at their root.

These Roses blush with a more vital glow  
Of crimson—like pale buds, whose tips are red  
As tho' the flower's heart, in breaking, bled—  
Because of looks so lately wan with woe.

These are our Jewels! tears that purged our sight  
Like Euphrasy; they lay above the Dead  
All drear and dim; but the sad drops we shed  
Now live with precious lustres in Your light!

The love that darkly wept at heart hath risen  
Transfigured. Lo! its sunburst in each face!  
As Earth, with all her flowers, smiles embrace  
To Spring, rejoicing from her wintry prison.



---

These Voices, mounting merry as Larks up-spring,  
But now were praying on the low, cold sod :  
The night is past—they soar in praise to God ;  
They make the old English greeting rarely ring.

We lean and look to You, thinking of Him.  
Warm welcome for the sake of One that's gone ;  
Warm welcome for your own ! Pass on, pass on ;  
We wave our hands, and shout till sight grows dim :

And, ere the shouts cease ringing in your ears,  
We drink a health—all standing—drink to you,  
While in our eyes the tears are standing too :  
Old tears, that wanted to be wept for years :

But keep a holy hush mid all the noise,  
To match the silent music your hearts make :  
Pass on into your faery heaven, and take  
Our gentlest blessing on your wedded joys.

The Dawn *will* rise, tho' golden days be set ;  
The birds sing merrily, in spite of Death ;  
Young hearts will love while lasts this human breath ;  
Rainbows bridge Earth and Heaven for eyes tear-wet.

Pass *gaily* on in glory through the gate  
Of your new life, beneath this Bridal Dawn ;  
And when from future days the veil is drawn,  
All happy fortunes for you lie in wait !



---

And, looking on your bliss, with proudest flush

May the dear Mother's face be glorified.

We, now the sound hath ceased, will stand outside  
Your Portals—all hearts praying mid the hush.

*THE BONNY BRIDELAND FLOWER.*

In the Brideland sleeping,  
Nestled Beauty's Flower ;  
Came the Lover peeping  
Into her green bower ;  
On her face hung tender  
As a drop of dew ;  
With her virgin splendour  
Thrilling through and through.



Now, the shy, sweet maiden

Softly droops her head ;

All her heart is laden

With his coming tread !

Now, the new dawn breaketh

In a blush of bliss ;

The Belovëd waketh

At her Troth-love's kiss.

In our dull grey weather

We have seen her bloom ;

Fain as Exiles gather

Round some flower from Home

Seen the face that never

Fades away, but gleams,

With its still smile, ever

Through the land of Dreams.

Fair befall the bonny,  
    Bonny brideland flower !  
All things dear and sunny  
    Bless her bridal bower !  
Truest love e'er given  
    Feed her new life-root ;  
And, thou God in heaven,  
    Crown the flower with fruit.



*A LOVER'S SONG.*

*' One so fair—none so fair.*

*In her eyes so true*

*Love's most inner Heaven bare*

*To the balmiest blue !*

*' One so fair—none so fair.*

*In the skies no Star*

*Like my Star of Earth so near—*

*They but shine afar.*



*' One so fair—none so fair.*

*All too sweet it seems :*

*Wake me not, O world of care,*

*If I walk in dreams.*

*' One so fair—none so fair.*

*O my bosom-guest,*

*Love ne'er smiled a happier pair*

*To the bridal-nest.*

*' One so fair—none so fair.*

*Lean to me, sweet Wife :*

*Light will be the load we bear :*

*Two hearts in one life.'*



*THE MARRIED LIFE.*

O happy love of weans and Wife,  
Ye make a man's heart dance ;  
Kindle the desert face of life  
With colours of romance :

A Land of Promise sparkles where  
Your rosier light hath shone ;  
Too distant to attain, but near  
Enough to tempt us on.

'Tis here that Heaven striketh root  
To give the Immortal birth,  
Man tastes the unforbidden fruit  
That deifies on earth.

All ye that such a Garden own,  
Of winged thieves beware,  
And trifles, light as thistle-down,  
That sow the seeds of care.

Only in singleness of heart,  
Ye keep the heaven ye win!  
When Wife and Husband pull apart  
The Serpent will slide in.



*VIA CRUCIS VIA LUCIS.*

Spite of the Mask Eternal Love doth wear  
At times, that makes us shrink from it in fear,  
Because the Father's face we cannot find,  
Nor feel the presence of His love behind,  
Nature at heart is very pitiful.

How gentle is the hand doth kindly pull  
The coverlet of flowers over the face  
Of Death, and light up his dark dwelling-place !

With fingers and with foot-fall soft and low  
She comes to make the quiet mosses grow :  
Safe-smiling, draws the Snowdrop thro' the snow.  
Busy in sun and rain, still strives to heal,  
Doing her best to comfort or conceal :  
With tenderest grass makes green the saddest grave,  
And over death her flags of life *will* wave.  
She is the Angel, waiting by the prison,  
That saith, '*He is not here, he is arisen,*'  
When lorn in soul we seek the face we knew,  
And dream of buried sweetness coming through  
The earth in spring-time, every flower a smile  
Of that dear Presence we have lost awhile.

And, if we lift our eyes up from the ground,  
We see how surely life is compassed round  
With the Divine, that doth so kindly bound



---

The pitiless blaze of fires that soon would scorch  
To ashes and put out our tiny torch  
Of being ; veil the vastness of the Whole,  
As with droopt eyelids for the naked soul.

The silent Ministers of Healing crowd  
About the broken heart and spirit bowed,  
To stay the bleeding with immortal balm,  
And still the cries with wings of blessed calm.  
No matter in what separate lives we range,  
We feel a rootage deeper than all change.  
We know the roses flower to fade : We know  
The roses also fade again to blow.  
Death is Life's Shadow !

Mute the music looks,  
And dark and dead when shadowed in the books :

Do but interpret them, all heaven will roll  
The Life of Music thro' the echoing soul.

So we grow friends, familiar friends, with Death ;  
Can look up in his face with firmer faith,  
To see the frowning brows shade tender eyes,  
Like sunny openings into Paradise.

---

Through all the gloom and stillness of distress,  
With life all muffled up in silentness,  
We voyage on—ice-locked, snow-blind, frost-bound—  
Like Sailors with the Arctic winter round,  
Who thought they stranded in the dark, and  
found  
The solid water all one floating ground ;



And drifted through the night, divinely drawn,  
Out to the open sea, where daylight shone.

He turns the Shadow of Death into the Dawn,  
That radiant Angel of Eternity !  
The mourners look up from the grave to see  
The dark, that bowed them by its awfulness,  
Fell from the Father's hands, stretched out to bless.

So, in His own good season, God hath given  
This beautiful Joy-Bringer from His Heaven,  
To bear His benediction from above,  
And be the smiling Presence of His love !

*' I go, but I will send the Comforter ' !*  
The gracious promise is fulfilled in Her.

*Though heaviness endureth for a night,*  
*Joy cometh with the morning.* Lo ! the Light.  
Gone is the winter from our spirit clime ;  
This is the herald of our golden time.  
In all the beauty of promise, Spring is here—  
*Our Spring*—that will be with us all the year.

O, beautiful Joy-Bringer ! everywhere  
Happiness smiles around you, like an air  
Of glory, which you dwell in—Phosphor-fair !  
The lives that have in mourning darkling lain  
Now gather colour ; sun them once again.  
The tender shine that cometh after rain  
Illumes the eyes of old heart-ache : the pain  
Of loss transmuted to all-golden gain.

---



Just now we are in the shadow of coming change,  
And faces darken, and old things grow strange ;  
And from the new Unknown a-many shrink.  
Our world is getting tilted,\* Sages think.  
*'The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees'*  
All that is left us. Shame on fears like these !  
Whate'er Eclipse may pass, storm-signals threat,  
There's room for noble life in England yet.

As in the very heart of Hope we'll ride,  
Borne on the ninth wave of our triumph's tide,  
That, with its new life, heaves Old England's breast,  
Only be loyal to the Loftiest ;  
And if the proudest Nobles have to bow,  
Then let it be as Rowers bend to row

\* Astronomically.

A sturdier stroke ; and faint not, tho' we know  
Not under what dark arch we have to go.  
But win the nod of an approving soul,  
Even tho' ye never reach your chosen goal.

---

O ! young hearts, dancing to the rise and fall  
Of life's most winsome tune at festival,  
Looking on your new world wherein ye move  
With all the large, sweet wonder of young love,  
The moments thronging with the life of years ;  
Crowded with happiness and quick to tears ;  
New smiles of greeting in each moment's face ;  
New worlds of pleasure brimming every space ;  
This is no winter-withered earth to you.  
Love comes, and life is deified anew !



---

And hearts grow larger than their fortunes are.  
The horizon lifts around, sublime and far,  
With godlike breathing-space—an ampler scope  
For loftier life, and glorious ground for hope.

Turn, happy Lovers, turn on those below  
A little of the light in which ye glow ;  
A little of your sunshine round you shed,  
And make our old world blossom where ye tread.  
Bring back a little seed from Eden-bowers  
To sow our fallows with immortal flowers.

Ah ! Nobles, what a chance is yours to be  
The founders of a lordlier Chivalry !  
And, with the proud old fire this people lead.  
When they were weak, I threatened ; now I plead,  
Give eyes to their blind strength, for great the need.

The *Word* of *Life* is well-nigh preached to death ;  
The Flower of all Sweetness withereth  
Crusht in the grip of many that handle it,  
As though they thought Life would but yield its  
sweet  
In giving up the breath.

We want the Book  
Translated into life, not the mere look  
Of Life embalmed and shrouded in the Book.  
We want the Word made Flesh to breathe once  
more  
In likeness of the lineaments it wore  
When living—the life indeed, quick in the lives  
Of Fathers, Mothers, Children, Husbands, Wives.  
We need that maiden life of Christ fulfilled  
In Marriage—all its preciousness distilled.



We need the life itself—lived in the Home  
On Week-days, ere the Sabbath-rest will come  
To many a homeless hungerer for home.

We read by corpse-light poring on the ground,  
And there's the living God a-shine all round !  
The light that left Heaven centuries ago  
Hath not yet reached dark myriads here below :  
Your lives might be the lamp that bears this light,  
Still burning, as the stars through all the night.  
*Because ye are lookt up to*, they would mark  
Your shining !

O, the spirits lying dark  
To-day, as jewels waiting but the spark  
Of splendour that to Love's dear smile is given,  
To brighten with the best that brighten Heaven !

Look down, you Shining Ones, look kindly down,  
And save them, set as jewels in your crown.  
How beautiful, upon the mountain height,  
The feet of them that bring the Lowly light—  
O'er-shadowing, on wings of gentle Love,  
The faults and failings that they soar above !  
How beautiful the face of those whose smile  
Doth make God's sunshine in the heart of Toil ;  
In low, sick rooms a presence as of Health ;  
The true Rich folk, in whom the Poor have wealth !  
A beautiful life begets itself anew  
In other lives, as perfume stealing through  
The sense creates the flower to live again ;  
Its spirit re-embodied in the brain.

Heartfull of shining love and singing hopes,  
Come down where life, blind-folded, grovels and gropes :



We house the Poor to lie and die, but give  
Them room to stand in; house the Poor to  
live;

A little touch of clasping hands might prove  
Mightiest of all the languages of Love.  
Give them a glimpse of kindlier, sweeter grace,  
And be the model of a nobler race—  
The living Poem that we may not write ;  
The Picture that we cannot paint to sight ;  
The Music that we dream but do not get ;  
The Statue marble never mirrored yet.

Come down, and meet them, fellow-man to man.  
So much we might do, as it seems, to span  
The ancient gulf that severs Rich and Poor,  
In which Christ threw Himself ; for evermore

---

To show His sorrowing Poor that God hath not  
Forgotten those He seemed to have forgot !

And the gulf closes not, and He doth reach  
On either side a piteous hand to each :  
One are they by the message that He gave ;  
One by the life He lived ; one by His grave ;  
One by the tears He wept—the love—the pain ;  
And still they stand apart, and He is torn atwain.

---

Now, while the Thrush upon the barest bough  
Sits singing high in azure, telling how  
The Spring-wind breathes along the warm hedge-  
row,  
Secretly setting fragrant-fires aglow—



Daily more rich the Sallow-palms unfold  
And change their silver into sunny gold ;  
*' Good-bye, old Winter,'* the blue heavens laugh ;  
*' The flowers shall write you a kindly epitaph,'*  
Far on a sea of Light the twinkling Lark  
Is launched, and floating like a heaven-bound bark,  
In which some happy spirit sails and sings,  
And stirs us in a dream of waking wings,  
With homeward yearnings, heavenward flutterings,  
As all about the inner life there plays  
A breath of bliss from out old innocent days,  
Now, while the Spring mounts somewhere up the  
blue,  
We bring our firstling flowers to offer you !  
Violets, dim and tender ; glad Primroses,  
That promise, ere the happy prospect closes,

Ye, hand in hand, through rosier days shall tread  
Green earth, with richer glories garlanded ;  
Where the wild Hyacinths, all a-dreaming, lean  
In peeps of deep sea-azure thro' the green ;  
And Summer sets that Golden Age of hers  
A-bloom, in mellow miles of yellow Furze ;  
While, smiling down the distance, Autumn stands,  
The ripened fruitage glowing in his hands.

And, if among the flowers some few appear  
Sacred to woe, and leaning with the tear  
Still in the eyes, I did but seek the leaf  
Of Healing—gather Heartsease for your grief :  
Nor are they tears, but rather drops of dew  
From heaven, that hidden Love is looking  
through.



---

As, after death, our Lost Ones grow our Dearest,  
So, after death, our Lost Ones come the nearest :  
They are not lost in distant worlds above ;  
They are our nearest link in God's own love—  
The human hand-clasps of the Infinite,  
That life to life, spirit to spirit knit !  
They fill the rift they made, like veins of gold  
In fire-rent fissures torture-torn of old !  
With sweetness store the empty place they left,  
As of wild honey in the rock's bare cleft.

In hidden ways they aid this life of ours,  
As Sunshine lends a finger to the flowers,  
Shadowed and shrouded in the Wood's dim heart,  
To climb by while they push their grave apart.

They think of us at Sea, who are safe on Shore ;  
Light up the cloudy coast we struggle for !  
The ancient Terror of Eternity—  
The dark Destroyer, crouching in Life's sea  
To wreck us—is thus Beacons, and doth stand  
As the Deliverer, with a lamp in hand.

We would not put them from us when we are sad ;  
We will not shut them from us when we are glad ;  
Nor thrust our Angel from the Marriage Feast,  
Altho' he comes, not clothed like the rest  
In visible garment of a Wedding-Guest.

---

Now pray we.

Lord of Life, look smiling down  
Upon this Pair ; with choicest blessings crown



Their love ; the beauty of the Flower bring  
Back to the bud again in some new spring !  
We would not pray that sorrow ne'er may shed  
Her dew along the pathway they must tread :  
The sweetest flowers would never bloom at all  
If no least rain of tears did ever fall.  
In joy the soul is bearing human fruit ;  
In grief it may be taking divine root.  
Come joy or grief, nestle them near to Thee  
In happy love twin for eternity !  
They take our Darling's place ; long may they be  
As glad and beautiful a hope as he  
Hath left a bright and blessed memory :  
Their day fulfil the promise of his dawn—  
That, as with Thee, he may with us live on.

LONDON: PRINTED BY  
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE  
AND PARLIAMENT STREET









UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



**A** 000 085 116 2

CARMEN NUPTIALE